Fort Hotel Falmouth 14 March 35

Dearest Rene I sit in the window corner at the Marine I was so pleased to get your letter so pleased you are a bit better. Are you coming down to recuperate? Your six cures are like the Welsh Lans the Six salutary potions of the Seans of Britain I liked your new bit of poem. very much not utterly certain about 'ain't she sweet'. but it depends of the length of the whole. It was particularly nice of you to write because you knew I should be fed with sweet Nightingale bright Prudence going again. Sir just written to her - I shall be glad when I hear from her that she is well & happy I have not done any work - I wish I could settle to it - but Im all right Dorothea did not come because her mother wanted her - she may come however on Saturday or next week. Tom phoned last night - he's gone in an airplane to Paris: wonder what he's doing now — bugger twelve times — ink failing will write with Ginger's sugar you can't - Yes I do like Lady C. is nice to Dear Prudence & does not make her misrat. I miss her. must go home to dinner & a pimbo feed. . I caved fair grease some type of animal — back at the old Fort — Asparagus & Butter wish you were here. — did Dr Richards say you had the 'Flu? — Have

Been trying to "O. yes" — "Damned Frost" — "Liar" such as

started to read the Tales in bed this morning

have neglected him for some time at his comments on Sir T. Reynolds discourses "Inspector" wish he would live to "Bollocks" — but no.

his bar, when we used to come, to abstract I deplore Lovely nice walked in with Kitty & Tachymahum Table chucked with cheeks taken angular hallo — Sir

Thursday morning.

Thursday evening — Postmark illegible

My dearest Mother,

I am writing to you in bed & have all the blankets & counterpane I can muster piled on me — for I am shivering with cold — or fear — I don't know which. The fact is I have been to see the Play — Charley's Aunt — at the Globe — & I laughed so much that I have quite a stitch in my side — & my throat is sore with shouting "Brassie" — & my head aches with the noise of the orchestra — & I am generally overcome with excitement & dissipation — & I am afraid I shall be quite ill in the morning — I do hope not — as I have to go to Cambridge tomorrow afternoon — & I want to be quite well for Sunday — I do hope I do. I like the nice — the very nice letter from Mrs Dawson Gibbs — & I like the cheque for £5 — & I like the cheque for £5 — & I like the cheque for £5

Back again at Fort just having lunch
Some new boys arrived but fewer on the whole.
Brellin was taught Welsh at school but has
forgotten it nearly all.
I'm sending you, from Prudence a little
Wallis picture — she asked me to send
you one, she gave me some — I'm
not sick it till monday now. — I
do hope I'm get this to mummy. — I
wonder. Look after yourself & be careful
of eight duty. it's a bugger.
Lots & lots of love to you — do hope
she goes on alright. — I do hope
you have it a bit warmer.
I'm
thank the Lord the cold cant
last an awful lot longer its.
nearly april. with lots showers
sweet. & all that. I enjoy
this as I eat bake & egg sauce
& very meager like 2 food.
Keep writing letters as we do enjoy
it I post this now at 2 pm —
I'm really shower get it tomorrow
Lots of love to you & tell me
what you are doing to get well. & you
David. I'm
are coming down

Hope this is not as bad as it seems